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TO A LOST ONE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

My dear, lost flgbit, it is midnight now,
And a pale cloud, like that which shades the fall
Upon our hearts as that remembered eve,
Is passing o'er the moon, but ever the shade
Falls on one heart alone. I am alone.
My fire and lamp have died. I, wherever
In the vast universe of God thou art,
Am with thee in the spirit, and my heart
Fills like dark cavern from thy shrunken home,
And hold communion with thy weeping friend
As in the hours departed.

Ah, I feel,
Sweet spirit, thou hast heard and hear'st my prayer;
I hear the moving of thy angel glances
Above me and around—the very air
Is glowing with a thousand seraph-thoughts,
Which, as they touch my brow and bosom, seem
A hand from which the electric fire of heaven
Seems flashing through, my frame is changed to white—
Thy blessed robe, with its remembered hues
Softened to more than mortal melody,
Is thrilling through my heart, as 'twere the voice
Of the lost Friend calling from the plain
In the eternal veil—and yet two words
Blend into spirit as ere they used to blend—
The heavenly with the earthly.

Yes, they will!
Sweet Spirit, fan thee well. The blessed world,
That dusk, this night, hath whispered to me here
Above the mound that hides thy mortal form,
Will purify my soul, and strengthen me
To bear the ills and agonies of life,
And point me to an immortality
With thee in God's own holy Paradise.

SELF-MADE;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

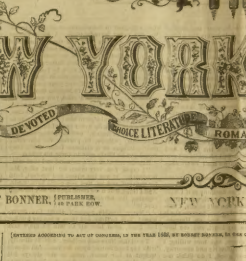
BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FATAL BEND.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1858, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



THE "PROFESSOR" DISCHARGES A PAINFUL DUTY.

Hannah Worth walked home, laden like a beast of burden, with an enormous bag of basket ware on her back. She entered her hut, dropped the burden on the floor, and stopped to take breath.

"I think they might have sent a negro mee to bring that for you, Hannah," said Nora, pausing in her spinning.

"As if they would do that!" panted Hannah.

Not a word was said upon the subject of Herman Brudenell's morning visit. Hannah forbore to allude to it from pity, Nora from modesty.

Hannah sat down to rest, and Nora got up to prepare their simple afternoon meal. For these seekers, like many poor women, took but two meals a day.

The evening passed much as usual; but the next morning, as the sisters were at work, Hannah, putting the way for Mrs. Brudenell's new web of cloth in the loom, and Nora spinning, the elder noticed that the younger often paused in her work and glanced uneasily from the window. Ah, too well, Hannah understood the meaning of these involuntary glances. Nora was "watching for the steps that come not back again."

Hannah felt sorry for her sister, but she said to herself:

"Never mind, she will be all right in a few days. She will forget him."

This did not happen so, however. As day followed day, and Herman Brudenell failed to appear, Nora Worth grew more uneasy, expectant and anxious. All day she sat at the window at the real bench-sickness of "hope deferred!" Every morning she said to herself: "He will surely come to-day!" Every day each sense of hearing and of seeing was on the qui vive for the first sound or the first sight of his approach. Every night she went to bed to weep in silent sorrow.

All other sorrows may be shared and lightened by sympathy, except that of a young girl's disappointed love. Then she that so can interassimilates with impunity. To notice it is to distress her; to speak of it is to insult her; even her sister must in silence respect it, as the crippling fever fields her sinking over her mortal wound, as does the maiden jealously conceal her grief until she dies. Duty gave them none, but sense did not come. And still Nora watched and listened as the spun—every power strained to the utmost tension in vigilance and expectancy. Human nature—especially a girl's nature—cannot but bear such a trial for any long time together. Nora's health began to fail; her face and her eyes her appetite, and finally her appetite, and finally her sleep. She grew pale, thin and nervous.

Hannah's heart ached for her sister.

"This will never do," she said; "suspense is killing her. I must end it."

So one morning while they were at work as usual, and Nora's head was pausing on her spindle, and her eyes were fixed upon the narrow path leading through the Forest Valley, Hannah spoke:

"It will not do, dear; he is not coming! he will never come again; and since no one can be any thing to you he ought to die!"

"Oh, Hannah, I know it; but it is killing me!"

These words were surprised from the poor girl; for the very next instant her waxen cheeks, brow, neck, and very ears kindled up into fiery blushes, and hiding her face in her hands, she sank down in her chair overwhelmed.

Hannah watched and then went to her, and began to caress her, saying:

"Nora, Nora, dear; Nora, love; Nora, my own darling, look up!"

"I don't speak to me; I am glad he does not come; never mention his name to me again, Hannah!" said the stricken girl in a low, preemptory whisper.

Hannah felt that this order must be obeyed, and she left her sister to herself, and went to work.

After a few minutes Nora arose and resumed her spinning, and for two days she was a quiet, stricken beauty and merely around. But towards the middle of the day it began to turn slowly and still more slowly.

At length it stopped entirely, and the sphrave said:

"Hannah, I feel very tired; would you mind if I should lay down a little while?"

"No, certainly not, my darling. Are you poorly, Nora?"

"No, I am quite well, only tired," replied the girl, as she threw herself upon the bed.

Perhaps Hannah had made a fatal mistake in saying to her sister "He will never come again," and so depriving her of the last frail prop of hope, and letting her sink in the waves of despair. Perhaps, after all, suspense is not the worst of all things to bear; for in suspense there is hope, and to hope, life! Certain it is Hannah stood aghast withdrawn from Nora, and from this day she regularly sank. She refused to rise to her bed. Every morning she would insist upon rising and dressing, though daily the effort was more difficult. Every day she would go to her wheel and spin slowly and feebly, until by fatigue she was obliged to stop and throw herself upon the bed. To all Hannah's anxious questions she answered:

"I am well! I indeed there is nothing ailing me; only I am so tired!"

One day about this time Reuben Gray called in to see Hannah. Reuben was one of the most discreet of lovers, never venturing to visit his beloved more than once in each month.

"Look at Nora!" he said Hannah in a heartbroken tone, as she pointed to her sister, who was sitting at her wheel, not spinning, but gazing from the window down the narrow forest path, and apparently lost in mournful reverie.

"I'll go the medical man that's to be sent for her, and he left the hut for that purpose.

But distance from home to home in that sparsely settled neighborhood were great, and doctors were few and costly; so he had the moment they were called for. So it was not until the next day that Dr. Potts, the nearest bodied little medical attendant of the neighborhood, made his appearance at the hut.

He was welcomed by Hannah, who introduced him to her sister.

Nora received his visit with a great deal of nervous irritability. Hannah, fearing some act of folly, or worse, that is out of the question, to pass sick. However, gave her time to recover herself

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and threw herself into her sister's arms, crying.

"Oh, Hannah, dearest! consolé! I cannot live without him!"

The elder sister caressed the younger tenderly, but let it cry itself out a little, for a few days; for all the niceties of so ill-assorted and misplaced love in disease her wealthy lover, and strength like her mother's would.

Nora replied only with tears and sobs, and was rejections of the world like silence.

"I cannot live without him, Hannah! I can not live without him!"

Alas, for weakness, selfishness and passion! They do not live without something, and the day Nora would not give up her lover; would see tenderly with her heart, but would have her own way.

Although, in yielding a reluctant acquiescence, Hannah said:

"I would never countenance this—never, Nora! but for one reason; it is that I know, whether I consent or not, you will run away and wilful and passionate as you are, will rush into this impudent marriage all the same! And I think for your sake, it had better take place with my consent, and in my presence, than otherwise."

Nora clasped her sister's neck, and covered her face with kisses.

"It seems well by us, dear Hannah—indeed it does, dear bliss! So do not look so grave and lament we are going to be happy!"

But Hannah sits sure of his answer the next day? Thoroughly roused up, for when he made his appearance at the cottage in the morning, he brought the startling intelligence that he positively had a peripatetic minister in his company.

And before the astonished sisters had time to recover their self-possession, Herman Braden stalked in, and marched his puppets, and the marriage ceremony was performed. The minister then wrote out the certificate, which was signed by himself, and witnessed by Hannah, and handed it to the bride.

"There, dearest Nora," whispered the triumphant bridegroom, "I am happy, and you are not!"

But—were either of them really safe or happy?

CHAPTER V.

LOVE AND HATE.

Amid the pleasant scenes
Of Nature's loveliness,
Where the sweet flowers and the running waters
And a serene quiet seem to breathe of love,
A solemn voice calls to her ear,
And tells her that she is a wife—
Wife to a man she cannot love,
Nor for and fault, now full and near—
Wife to a man she cannot love,
Whose very touch is pain,
Whose very touch is pain,
Whose very look is hate.
Mrs. Hemans.

"It seems to me that I must have been dead and blind and stupid, in a long sleep before I knew you, Herman! for then the sun seemed only to shine, and now I find that its smiles as well as its shines; then the trees only seemed to bend under a passing breeze, and the flowers only to caress me; then the flowers seemed only to be created, now I know that they grow together to bless; then indeed I loved nature, but now I know that no life is alive and true as that of Nora, one day, as they sat upon a bank of wild moss, under the spreading branches of an old oak tree, that stood alone in a little opening of the forest.

"You doting of nature! you might have known that I was alive!" said Herman, demonstratively pressing her to his heart.

"No, you could not, you could not see as you—so high, so learned, so wealthy, you who have seen so many fair ladies—to come down to me, a poor, ignorant, wasteful, and, I fear, headstrong—for true love in nacy a woman is ever most tenacious and most determined—to love and idolizing its object.

"Come down to you, my angel and my queen! to you, whose beauty is so heavenly and so royal that it seems to me you can stand without ship and adore you! how could I come down to see. Ah, Nora, it seems to me that it is you who have stooped to me! There are kings on this earth, my beloved, who might be proud to place each regal beauty on their thrones beside them! But, oh! you are so much above me, so far, so any women of old, for whom heroes lost worlds!"

"Do you think so? do you really think so? I am so glad for your sake, and that I was fortunate as beautiful! and high-born, and learned, and accomplished, and wealthy, and everything else that is good, for your sake! Herman, I would be willing to pass through all the ills of life by doing so, I could come out like refined gold for your sake!"

"Hush, hush, sweet love! that fiery furnace of which you speak, is the world, where the purest hearts and noblest and intense sacrificing! here is from you I would endure my whole body were consumed to ashes than one chilling breeze of your recreant heart should be singed!"

But, Herman! out of the bushes you read to me said: "All that is good must be tested for! all that is best must be sanctified for! and I am willing to do or bear anything in the world that would make you more worthy of you!"

By darling, you are worthy of a monarch, and would test you God for it!

How kind you are to say so! but for all that I know I am only a poor, humble, ignorant girl, quite unfit to be your wife! And, oh! sometimes I am terribly beloved, and you shall not be angry!" exclaimed Herman.

"Oh, I am angry! very angry now! For whatever I do or say, right or wrong, is good in your eyes, and pleases you because I please you so much. God bless you! God love you! God save you, whatever becomes of me or you! Now, I am said, with a still heavier sigh.

At this moment a dark, sinister cloud dashed between them and the blazing meridian sun, veiling its glory.

"Why, what is the matter, love? What has come over you?" inquired Herman, gazing concernedly into her face.

"I do not know; nothing more than the perhaps," answered Nora, pointing to the cloud that was now passing over the sun.

"Nothing more than that! Well, that is now passed, so smile forth again, my sun!" said Herman, gaily.

Ah, dear Herman, if the happy lie could only be! this life in which we wander or repose in these beautiful summer woods, among hills and deserts, and hear the voice and hide the footfalls of which just tend to me in your books, Herman! Ah, if it only could be!"

"Why should it not, love?"

"Why should it not, love? Where will come with its wind and snow and ice. The woods will be leafless, the streams dry, the flowers all withered, the autumn frozen and the birds gone away, and then—then—then—"

"Then we will be married, and Nora will be Herman took up the word.

"Well, and then? and then we shall pass to something much better! We are not partridges or birds that can live in the woods and hide all winter? We shall go to our own handsome home! You will be my loved and honored and happy wife; the mistress of an elegant house, a host of servants and many carriages. You will have superb furniture, beautiful dresses, splendid jewels, servants to attend you, carriages, horses, pleasure boats, and everything else that heart could ask or money buy, or love find to make you happy! Think! oh, think of all the joys that will be in store for you!"

"Not for me! Oh, not for me those splendors and luxuries of which you speak! I am not fit for them, nor good for me. I shall never possess them; I know it Herman, and I love it even in that hour of heavenly bliss when you first told me you loved me! I knew it even as we sat and stood before the minister to be married, and I know it still. The dark sentence of love will be all the joy I shall ever have."

"In the name of Heaven, Nora, what do you mean? Is it possible that you can imagine I shall ever be so base as to desert you? commanded the young man, who was deeply impressed at the truth of the sad earnestness of her manner.

"No! no! no!" the daughter, anything unworthy of your gentle and noble nature," said Nora, with fervent emphasis as she pressed closer to his side.

"Then why, why do you torture yourself and me with these fears, previsions?"

"I do not know. Forgive me, Herman," softly sighed Nora, laying her head down upon his breast.

He stole his arm around her waist, and as he drew her to his heart, murmured:

"Why should you not enjoy all the wealth, rank and love to which you are entitled as my wife?"

"Ah! dear Herman, I cannot tell only. I only know that I never shall! Now with me, dear Herman, while I am with you! After I had found love you; after I had grieved myself almost to death for your absence, when I supposed you had asked me to be your wife, I seemed suddenly to have passed from darkness into sudden light. But in the midst of it all I seemed to hear a voice in my heart whisper: 'Poor child! you are basking in a consuming fire; you will presently fall to the earth, scorched, withered, dead, and wanting thing.' And, Herman, since I accepted the offer of your hand, since I am your old family, and high rank and vast wealth, and your magnificent home, and your splendid society, and all the fairy visions, I know that you have not changed, but I feel that I am not worthy to be your wife—"

"Nora, I must prohibit for me to be angry with you! I should be so!" interrupted Herman, impatiently. "Am I not your equal in every way, my wife? I tell you that you are—and that you shall be! Nora, I will not have you talk in this way! I will not have you talk in this way! I will not have you talk in this way!

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CHARLIE

BY MARY FORREST.

Our hearts had missed an angel, and we knew
It not. The light within his eyes burned on
Living and changing, caught its golden gleam
From out the winds a world had left in shade.
In labor of his spirit, not at
Rest, he was ever. Yet we questioned all
The strange, sweetened haggard of his face.
The unrest and far-reaching glow, that gave
A fitness of life here to one so destined
That it was setting out its native home.
That those intuitions of the soul, we read
Bathed in the mood of heaven's eternal hills.
And looked not a question in the solemn eyes
Of winged eternal beauty. "Come," we said,
"Let us go down to the sea, and sail the boat
Out with the tide." Then was a mute reply,
That spoke in other ways; a thing of hope
And trembling, brightness, while our hearts,
Our wish and mental haste, had room to shrive
And worship. God forgive us! We have seen
Our dim beliefs! We have watched the pure
And enforced light go out from our all will.
With anguish; we have heard the stiffed cry
Of our own hearts, that said, "Oh, stay!"
The tide o' city fell from its weary wing,
Oh, wistless shadow! Then a strained love,
Poor bright, ungodly day. Then knows, you Dead
To know his heart of tenderness! to sing,
Kin for a time, his fair-haired beauty.
Were all his care; each thought, his very soul,
Concealed in your presence. Finally, the end!
The last low tone that fretted us from life!
The last sweet look that left us in the night!
But stilled his utterance, how stilled his eyes!
The look of deep, undying love, that still,
At recent eloquence, discerned and blessed
His comfort!

His comfort! Let him die calm hands
And rested once more he says his gleaming hair;
And close his sad weary eyes forever!
Dearly and darkly, to his lonely sleep.
Yet, "Charlie is not dead," we whispered.
"He lives!" in solemn joy to one another
Of Paradise. Lift up your bending knee,
And let the still church presume as a fact
Between your yearning life and God's pure throne.

THE BELL OF THE DEAD.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Perhaps there is no one idea that the living man contemplates with greater horror than that of being buried alive. We say that we all have to die—that, rich or poor, old or young, great or small, we all have, sooner or later, to meet the grim King of Terrors and depart to the land of spirits—but though the mind in contemplation pass in review all the agonies of dissolution and consider all the chances of sudden sickness or lingering suffering, yet the mind seems especially of horrifying itself against the very possible fatal accept that of awaking to the knowledge that we are already buried—buried, perhaps, but believing us dead, have already taken their darkest leave of our mortal form, and are consigned it to the cold, lonely grave—the thought of returning life to the body, being the only power from which such religion and philosophy shrink powerless and appalled.

In some parts of Germany, such is the general dread of being buried alive, that a very system of precaution against this premature act is in vogue, by which more than one person has been restored to life and friends after being mourned as dead. The plan is, for the corpse to be placed in a comfortable apartment, with fire concerned, and with a cord or wire attached to the hand in such a manner that the slightest movement will cause the jingling of a little bell in an adjoining apartment, where some one is always on the watch all times, and ready to see if life or decomposition give the sentence of hopeless death. This caution has led to many singular incidents and curious anomalies, and one of the most remarkable of these we now come about to put on record, as we received it not long since from the lips of the narrator.

"I had two bosom companions who came to Allenton with me," (such our informant,) "and we three were nearly always together when our circumstances would permit. We were all alike in comely nay particulars, and the title two parties we lived near, and were all the better. We differed on matters every point to science, art, strategy, philosophy and religion, and argued every point we differed on. On one thing, however, we did agree, and that was the possibility of being buried alive, and the unutterable horror which such actual living-death must necessarily be of the fact. So to banish we solemnly pledged ourselves, that if either should wither much of another at the time of the supposed decease of either, the living should faithfully watch by the senseless form till the return of life or the certainty of death.

"My younger friend, Adolph Hofer, was the first to go. We attended him in his last sickness, and conversed with him on the future state. He was a believer in the immortality of the soul, and the identity of the spirit with that occupying the mortal tenement. He always seemed to believed that the man himself underwent no other change by death than being released from his earthly tenantry, to come at will through space to serve earth and return to the spirit-land, and see its affections, reason, knowledge and pastimes with him, and to be ever present. He seemed as to the mortal body, with the exception of what friendly pertains to the last solemn rites of burial, to have no fear or concern. He often spoke of recent distinctions. I then re-minded him of our mutual pledge to watching and two windows looking out upon a lawn, and the spirit-land, and the sun shining cheerily, and looking laughingly at Carl——'s very serious features.

"'It must have been something supernatural!' he replied; 'it was a strange sensation that came over me in the corner, he sank down upon it.

"As he did so, the sharp click of the springlock caused him to look up at the clock. For a moment or two he looked at the pendulum, and then said, with more nerve:

"'Well, Carl, I see a cowardly fool, to be scared at everything! I do not fear anything human though,' he added, with a laugh, 'and certainly not anything inhuman.'

"We re-examined the corpse, to be sure there were no signs of life in it, and found not only fixed, rigidity, but the beginning of decomposition. Perfectly neared of this, we went into the other apartment and set down at a table through the remainder of the night and pondered on the mystery. Scarcely were we seated, before we fancied we heard dull, muffled sounds in the direction we had left the corpse, resembling a smothered human groan. Carl's teeth now fairly chattered with fear, and I confess I never felt less courageous in my life. These sounds were repeated at short intervals, and gradually died away into silence after which we were disturbed no more.

"In the proper course of time our friend was buried; and the day after the burial we proceeded to open his living box or chest according to his directions. Then it was that our previous fears, if possible, had horrible explanation!

"A thief had set his hand and sleeping corpse of one we had known in life.

"The following is our confession:

"Cognizant of Adolph Hofer's money and jewels, of their place of deposit, and of our mode of watching the dead, he had, on the eventful night, entered the cold room through a window at an early hour, and concealed himself in the closet in readiness, and then set about his work of robbery. Some accidental noise, during operations, or the sight of our secret conversation, he had either in his haste to escape himself, or intentionally to frighten us still more, gave the bell in the manner stated, and then gave the false alarm, which had a powerful spiritual effect. My friend Carl, by accidentally being obliged to remain beside the body, which for various reasons would not have been agreeable to me.

"If Adolphe's ideas in regard to the future state are correct, and I have no doubt of the correctness of his remarks, there is no satisfaction we may not have in store for us, and no crime we may not be tempted to commit.

"I can, I assured, I, although an outcast, I do not feel that I am a man of crime, he is dead, at least as far as this world is concerned.

"'Then in my opinion,' adds Carl, 'but quit opinions don't make facts.'

"It may likely be pronounced they are based on facts, and very many. Our confessions were sincere. If one cries after death as a roving spirit, the other as a corpse robbed of it, and has set me to listening.

"'And what about ghosts?' said Carl, who was both skeptical and superstitious—and he glanced fearfully around, as he uttered the word, as he spoke, as if he half expected to encounter some fearful spectacle.

"'Ah! I exclaimed, I contemptuously—'you know my opinions on that point. I acknowledge that they have no existence except in the brains of timid fools.

"'Then my opinion, I also,' said Carl, 'but opinions don't make facts.'

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"'All this might be possessed

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THE ARCH-BLUNDER.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

The wages of sin is death, but in cases of great national wrong, Providence sometimes lets the account run for a long time,—

Like poison given to work a great time after.

It was centuries before the overgrown landed estates, to which Pliny ascribes the ruin of Italy, effected that object. In other cases, the crime is so monstrous and unnatural, that it comes "birth-strangled" into the world, with shame on the forehead and death at the heart. It is then a blunder as well as a crime, and of all the blunders ever committed by ambitious and unprincipled men; that of secession is the most stupendous.

To gain a plausible pretext in the eyes of mankind for breaking up a frame of Government,—the most happily constituted fabric of political wisdom which the world had seen,—and one of which the administration, by the patient acquiescence of the North, had been all but monopolized by herself, the right of an individual State to secede from the Union was passionately asserted by the South. The plea was really of no value unless unanimously admitted. While twenty-three States denied the right of individual secession, the strong presumption must, in the absence of a common arbiter, be against the eleven that affirmed it. Practically, therefore, the right of secession resolves itself into the right of revolution. But that right, though undoubted, so far from being an absolute and unqualified right, as the orators and journalists of England pretend, for the sake of putting the North in the wrong, has no moral foundation except in cases of oppression so intolerable as to justify war with all its crimes and woes. In all other cases the right of *suppressing the rebellion (for till it succeeds revolution is rebellion) is just as clear on the part of the Government.* The idea that there is, either on the principles of morality or of Public Law, an unqualified right, on the part of any and every subdivision of a People, to throw off by force their allegiance to the Government under which they live, and establish their independence, is one of the wildest crudities of the day. It is undoubtedly true, that all governments rest on the consent of the governed, but this is no more the case in Republican America than in Royal England or Imperial France; and whenever a portion of the governed undertake to revolt against the constitutional government established over the whole, they do it at their peril, morally and politically, as much in one country as in another.

But it is not at this time my purpose to dwell upon Secession as a theoretical absurdity. As a practical blunder, at once the most gross and fatal which the world ever witnessed, it demands our present attention. It rests upon a pretended right, inherent in the Constitution of a sovereign State, to secede at pleasure from any Union, into which it may have entered. It forgets that even if the Constitution of the State originally implied such a right (for it is not alleged that it is expressed), it was extinguished by the voluntary adoption of a frame of government, one of whose express fundamental principles is, that it shall be the supreme law of the land, "ANYTHING (right of Secession or anything else) in the Constitution or laws of any of the States to the contrary notwithstanding." But although there is a self-contradiction in the very formula of the right of Secession, on the part of a State which has joined a union under such a Constitution, the South has laid down that imaginary right as the basis of her revolution. This I call a blunder of the first magnitude on her part, for, besides being a poison, taken at the birth, to work, a great time after, it lays her, at the very outset of her attempted national existence, at the feet of the maritime powers of Europe; the victim alike of their arts and arms, of their power and their policy.

That this is no imaginary statement of the result of the doctrine of Secession is already seen in the progress of events. Their recently intercepted despatches show the indecent panic into which the Confederate government was thrown a few months since, by the fancied discovery of an intrigue, on the part of France, to induce the State of Texas to *secede*. The Confederate President, well informed by his Secretary, if not cognizant of it himself, that it was the "traditional policy" of a numerous and influential party in Texas to establish her separate independence, and undertake the conquest of the Northern provinces of Mexico, was frightened from his propriety by the information, that a couple of superserviceable vice-consuls of France had asked the Governor and one of the Senators of that State, whether her welfare would not be promoted by a separate independence. To all appearance his mind was then, for the first time, struck by the suicidal logic of Secession. He then saw, as probably never before, that he was on the point of being "hoist with his own petar." Let but half a dozen uneasy spirits at Austin and Galveston play the same game that was played in the winter of 1860–1861 at Charleston, Montgomery, and Richmond, and Texas, under the auspices of the Emperor of the French, secedes from the Confederacy. Remember she is "a sovereign State," and has a perfect right to do it. Remember it is the "traditionary policy" of France, to prevent her annexation to the Union, and of this you are so well persuaded that, without a moment's hesitation, you impute this paltry intrigue to the Emperor of the French, and direct your emissary at Paris to catechize him on the subject. Remember what your Secretary of State knows a good deal better than he has yet been willing to confess, that nothing but the aspirations of Gen. Houston to the White House prevented this policy from taking effect in 1844; and now ask yourselves whether, in the light of these facts, there ever was a political blunder equal to that of the South, in attempting to break away from their connection with a great nationality, clothed with a military and naval power which would render any such movement—with or without foreign countenance—as hopeless as it is unconstitutional.

But if Secession was a blunder on the part of the South, the countenance and sympathy which have been extended to it, by the great naval States of Europe, equally deserve that name, both on the part of England and France. When M. Guizot, in 1844, stated the reasons why it was the interest of France that Texas should not be annexed to the United States, those reasons resolved themselves into the expediency of preserving what he called the American Equilibrium,—that is a balance between the three great American Powers, viz.: the British Provincial dominions, the United States, and the Spanish American governments. He thought this equilibrium would be disturbed by the progress of the United States Southward. This was before the Mexican War, the annexation of Texas, and the acquisition of California. If before these events the preservation of this American equilibrium was deemed the true policy of France by the Government of Louis Philippe in 1844, it is not to be wondered at, that after the great territorial acquisitions of the United States just named, the Emperor of the French should entertain the views disclosed in his letter to General Forey. It may seem presumptuous in an American to call in question the soundness of any view of French policy, in which Louis Napoleon and Louis Philippe concur. I must, however, think that M. Thiers, in his great speech of the 20th January, 1846, saw more accurately that the true interests of France lay in maintaining, not this newly-imagined equilibrium in America, but the well-recognized and all-important equilibrium of the great maritime and commercial powers of the world,—England, France and the United States. The preservation—rather the creation—of *that* equilibrium is, in truth, the "traditionary policy" of France, as it is the true interest of every continental power of Europe. Russia, whose immense territorial and military resources place her in importance on a level with the great maritime powers, saw this, when in the remarkable letter of Prince Gortschakoff of the 10th July, 1861, she pronounced the American Union an "essential element of the universal political equilibrium." Napoleon I. saw it, when he offered us Louisiana, in 1803. The government of Louis XVI. saw it, when it sent its armies and navies to aid us in establishing our independence; and of all the errors in policy, which it is now in the power of the government of France to commit, none can be imagined more ominous of disastrous consequences to her, than one which should lead her to aid in breaking down the United States, as a leading maritime power. Regarding them as the great extra-European counterbalance to the supremacy of the seas which England still claims, and which has at times borne so heavily on France, it would be just as wise in the latter power to strip the plates from her iron-clad ships, and to lay up their hulks to rot at Brest or Toulon, as to assist in breaking up the North American Union into rival and fragmentary powers, exhausting each other by eternal border wars, and compelled in that way to abdicate their position as a great maritime State. *For this reason, France, in her prompt recognition of the so-called Confederate States as belligerents, and in the hopes which* she has allowed them to form of an early recognition as an independent government, has sacrificed her true traditionary policy to a momentary pressure on her commerce, and has committed an error, of which, if persisted in, she will feel all the gravity in the first European War.

But the error committed by England, in pursuing the same course toward the seceding States, is not less manifest and grave than it is in the case of France. The idea of an equilibrium between the great powers of the earth implies, in any philosophical or practical conception of it, equal and reciprocal advantages. It is not a combination of the rest of the powers to keep down one, which they may think formidable to all the others; it is an equitable balance between all, for the safety of each and the preservation of the peace of the world. The ruling classes of England have accordingly made a great mistake in thinking that it is, in any respect, for their interest to substitute a discordant group of warring States for the powerful and prosperous Union, whose commerce has been a thousand-fold more valuable to her than the utmost stretch of Colonial taxation; which has received and fed the starving surplus of her population; and which, with a systematic abnegation of interference in foreign politics, asks nothing—never asked anything—but justice, of her or any other European power. So numerous and intimate are the ties that unite us, so closely interwoven our interests, that it is just as much for the welfare of England as of ourselves, that the States of the Union should live in harmony and peace with each other. Mr. D'Israeli says that we are destined to break up into an America of armies, of diplomacy, of turbulence and wars. Will that state of things promote the exportation of corn or cotton to England, or the importation to America of their equivalents in British fabrics? No. When the Alabama sailed from Liverpool to plunder, burn and sink the lawful commerce of the United States, she sailed on an errand just as injurious to England as to us. The illicit traffic with which, in defiance of the Queen's proclamation, the cupidity of her merchants is feeding the Confederacy, though protected, as far as the law of nations permits, by her government with as much jealousy as the most meritorious branch of her commerce, is, in its tendency and effect, as prejudicial to her as to the United States. This, it is true, England does not now see. But how long can she, however much disposed to do so, shut her eyes on the passing events in Mexico? Is it for the interest of Great Britain, I will not say that Texas should establish her independence under the auspices of France, but that France should possess herself of Mexico, if that is indeed the policy disclosed in the letter to General Forey? That letter states, in substance, that it is not for the interest of France that the United States should absorb the Spanish American States and threaten the Antilles. We quite agree in that opinion, and never wish to gain another square inch of territory North or South. If it comes to us through the paths of peace, by the voluntary cession of the governments, and with the unforced consent of the peoples, there is an expansive virtue in the Constitution of the United States adequate to its adoption and incorporation into the Union. But no patriotic American statesman desires the extension of our territory in whatever direction by any other instrumentality. But how does England read the letter to General Forey? Is it or *her* interest that France should complete the conquest of Mexico, and establish, if not her sovereignty, at least her *suzerainete* over that magnificent region? Will "the Antilles" be safer with the French at Vera Cruz than they are now? France and Spain may not always be at peace; they are at present far from being of one mind as to this newly inaugurated Mexican policy. Should Mexico be reorganized under the auspices of France, will Cuba be in no danger of falling more completely under her influence than England may wish? France, it is reported, has lately bombarded Acapulco; how will the control of that port, with the exception of San Francisco the best on the Western coast of America, affect the commercial interests of England in the Pacific?

These questions are of no secondary interest to England, as a power that claims to stand at the head of Maritime States, and whose colonial possessions encircle the globe. Not one of these questions would have been raised had not the United States, as a member of the great international family, been paralyzed for the time being by this suicidal and murderous war. It was as much the interest of England, though for different reasons, as of France, to preserve the American equilibrium of M. Guizot. This prudent statesman might, with a show of reason, though as I think erroneously, consider that equilibrium as endangered by the progress of the United States Southward; but that England should think it for *her* interest that Mexico, and perhaps Texas, should pass under the control of France is truly inconceivable. And yet her statesmen patronize the doctrine of Secession, which, if allowed to prosper, gives Texas to France whenever the Emperor chooses to call into action the party which desires "separate independence;" and in paralyzing the United States, removes an obstacle to the military occupation of Mexico, which, but for our civil war, would have precluded all thought of such an attempt.

I have thus, as I think, shown that, apart from all considerations of constitutional right, the doctrine of Secession, as well on the part of the seceding States, as of the foreign powers which countenance and abet them, is a monstrous political Blunder, and that the government and loyal people of the Union, in combatting that doctrine, are contending not merely for the interests of America, North and South, but also for the true interests of the great rival powers of Europe and of the civilized world.

Boston, 24th February, 1863.

"THE MAN FOR THE HOUR"—WHY DOES HE NOT APPEAR!

The individual that a great exigency demands and is expected to wake up, has seldom been more anxiously looked for than now. The "coming man"—where lingers he? The "man for the hour"—why does he not appear? The "Providential man," in what covert hides he his much-needed head. The North has urgent occasion for such a phenomenon—and, in fact, for more than one—to mould into patriotic unity, instruct with one purpose and animated with one resolve, its various parties, cliques and factions; to plan its campaigns and to guide its armed legions. We have plenty of "idols of brass with feet of clay," but no man of towering intellect, enthusiastic temperament, indomitable will, and incorruptible honesty—none, we mean, in whom *all* these requisites of greatness are combined. The materials with which such a man could work out the nation's salvation, and that right speedily, are abundant, but the inspiration that should control them and render them resistless is lacking. The day of our tribulation, so far as ruling intelligences are concerned, is a day of small *things*. Even without a master spirit to direct its armies the good cause may in the end prevail, but it will be by *inches*, and at a great further cost of blood and treasure. There are stumblings on the war path. There are cavillings about points of military etiquette, while treason is brandishing its sword in the very faces of the cavillers. There is stealing *ad libitum* under the convenient curtain of the war cloud. Strong hands are many, strong heads few. Fortunately Rebellion plunders as well as Patriotism, and we have not to cope with any giant intellect on the other side; but, O! for one of those prodigies that *make destiny*, to finish this war with a *coup de main*. Meanwhile we wait and hope, trusting that Providence in its own good time will bless the Right Cause with the RIGHT MAN!

OUR BREAD GIFT TO THE STARVING OPERATIVES OF LANCASHIRE.—There are among us those who regret that help has been sent from this country to the starving operatives of Lancashire; but why should that act of generosity be regretted? It is true that the iron founderies and ship-yards of the Clyde resound with the blows of hostile hammers "closing rivets up" on the hulls of Confederate privateers; that our commerce is harassed by British-built vessels, armed with British guns, supplied with stores and coal by British tenders, permitted to sport the British ensign, and manned and officered, in part, by British seamen; that British Colonial ports adjacent to the coast line of the rebel States abet and shelter the freebooters who capture and destroy our merchantmen, and encourage rebel smuggling; that British Colonial authorities deny to our ships of war the "aid and comfort" they freely accord to Southern pirates; that the British press is almost unanimously on the rebel side; that a large majority of both houses of parliament is against us; that the envoys of Southern treason are treated with distinguished consideration by public bodies and public men in the British capital; and, last and worst, that the British government, with "Neutrality" on its hypocritical lips, indirectly connives at these flagrant wrongs against our interests, our flag, and international comity, by neglecting even to censure the wrong-doers. But let us not on that account repent our own magnanimity. The unemployed and suffering spinners and weavers to whom we have sent food are not parties to the hostility and foul-dealing of their government, or to the acts of the shameless miscreants who, under the shield of its indulgence, are making fortunes by playing into the hands of our enemies. On the contrary, those pale, half-famished men, in the midst of their privations, have steadfastly sided with us. They deserve our sympathy, and we should be happy to contribute from our abundance to relieve their necessities.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT'S HORSES.—We have received from Messrs. Thos. B. Leggett & Co. a very fine engraving of Commodore Vanderbilt's celebrated team of horses, accompanied by a note requesting us to notice it, with which request we cheerfully comply, notwithstanding there has been some rivalry between the Commodore and ourself respecting double teams; but as Mr. Wilkes remarked last summer in the *Spirit of the Times*, "the rivalry between Mr. Bonner and the Commodore has been in all respects a gentlemanly one." We believe we know all the good horses driven on our roads, and we have no hesitation in saying that a finer, better matched, or more stylish pair of horses than the Commodore's "Post Boy" and "Plow Boy" is not owned by any gentleman in New York. They are also very fast. The engraving that Messrs. Leggett & Co. have sent us, (which is printed on tinted paper,) is a very fine specimen of the art, and reflects credit on their enterprise.

THE ROMAN EMPERORS.—No. 4.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

TIBERIUS CÆSAR.

Fourteen years before the death of Cæsar Augustus, our Saviour was born in Bethlehem of Judea. Herod, a native of Syria, was at that time the Roman king over that province. He was a man of great abilities, but of execrable character. This was the Herod who ordered the assassination of the babes of Bethlehem. He died a few years after the birth of Christ.

Augustus Cæsar married, as a third wife, Livia Drusilla, the wife of an exiled Roman General, Tiberius. Livia had a son whom she had named, after his father, Tiberius. Cæsar had an only daughter, Julia. By the marriage of the parents these children became, in law, brothers and sisters. They were however subsequently married. Julia became one of the most wicked of women, and conducted so shamefully, that her father, Augustus, ordered her to be divorced from her husband and sent her into exile upon a small island on the coast of Campania. Her father was so indignant at her conduct that he refused ever to see her again.

Upon the death of Augustus, Tiberius ascended the throne. He was then fifty-six years of age. He soon entered upon a career of crime and cruelty which has stamped infamy upon his name. Retiring from Rome, he sought a rural retreat in Campania, a part of the present kingdom of Naples, which was then considered the most delightful climate in the world. At a short distance from the shore was the beautiful island of Caprae. Here Tiberius surrounded himself with all the luxury and voluptuousness which imperial wealth could confer. From these halls of sensual indulgence and almost unearthly splendor, he ruled the empire, by means of spies and other agents, with a rod of iron.

There was an army on the Danube, led by a heroic man by the name of Germanicus. He was the idol of his soldiers. They urged him to assume the crown and march to the dethronement of the tyrant. He indignantly refused. But the eye of Tiberius was upon him. He soon perished, probably of poison. His children were thrown into a dungeon and several of them starved to death. One son chanced to escape this doom. The wife of Germanicus was driven into exile. All who were suspected of favoring the revolt bled upon the scaffold, after having first been exposed to the most terrible tortures. When one, to escape this torture, committed suicide, Tiberius expressed deep regret that the victim had thus escaped him.

The monster was terribly punished for his atrocities. Living in constant dread of assassination, he had not a moment of peace night or day. He scarcely dared to eat lest his food should be poisoned. He was in dread of the very guards who stood by his door at night, and his sleep was disturbed by terror and hideous dreams. Whenever he rode out he was in a constant tremor, expecting to see a lurking assassin leap out from every corner. The miseries he inflicted upon others thus rebounded upon himself. It is a curious fact well worthy of note, that this infamous pagan tyrant, in a court surrounded by the most foul and unblushing dissoluteness, should himself have entered a complaint to the Senate, charging the *theatre* with exerting a demoralizing influence upon the community. Speaking of the play actors, he says:

> "In many instances they seditiously violate the public peace. Many promote immorality in private families. The Oscan farce, formerly only the contemptible delight of the vulgar, has risen to such a pitch of depravity, and has exercised such an influence upon society that it must be checked by authority of the Senate."

The obsequious Senate banished the play-actors from Italy, and that they might still more ingratiate themselves with the merciless tyrant, proposed that a temple should be reared to Tiberius, and that he should be worshipped with divine honors. The answer of Tiberius shows how a man with the heart of a fiend can use the language of an angel:

> "For myself," said the wretch, "justice will be rendered to my memory, if I am regarded as worthy of my ancestors, watchful of your interests, unmoved in perils, and fearless of private enmities in defence of the public weal. These are the temples I would raise in your breasts. These are the fairest effigies, and such as will endure."

It was nine years after Tiberius commenced his reign before he retired from his luxurious palaces in Rome to his more voluptuous surroundings on the island of Caprae. Tacitus, speaking of the motives which induced Tiberius to seek this comparative retirement, says:

> "He probably wished to indulge his cruel and libidinous disposition with greater effect in the secrecy of a retired situation. Some thought that in his old age he was ashamed of his personal appearance, for he was exceedingly emaciated, lank and stooping; his head bald, his face ulcerous and thickly patched with plasters."

For six years Tiberius remained at Caprae. During this time there were many revolts and conspiracies, which he crushed with a bloody hand. An accident occurred in the village of Fidenae, a few miles from Rome, one of the most appalling recorded in history. A wealthy Roman, Atilius, as a pecuniary speculation, reared an immense amphitheatre for gladiatorial exhibitions. He built it on a weak foundation, without sufficient braces for an edifice so vast and to contain such multitudes. Crowds of all ages and both sexes flocked from Rome to witness these games. The theatre was filled to overflowing, and a countless throng were gathered on the outside, engaged in sundry sports beneath the lofty walls. Suddenly there was an awful crash and the walls fell. Some portions, bulging out, overwhelmed the multitude swarming around the walls, while other portions tumbled inward. Thousands were instantly killed, while other thousands, crushed and mangled, were buried beneath the ruins. Their cries and groans, for many days and nights, filled the air as they were laboriously dragged out from the mass of timber and stone. According to Tacitus the carnage resulting from this accident was greater than the carnage at Waterloo. Fifty thousand were crushed by this terrible disaster.

There was at this time, at Rome, a very profligate young man of winning address, by the name of Caligula. He was the son of that distinguished Roman general Germanicus, of whom we have before spoken as having been put to death by Tiberius. By adulation and sycophancy, he so ingratiated himself in the favor of the tyrant, who had no children, that he adopted him as his son and heir. The young profligate was an apt pupil of his imperial master in all the vices of the age. Tiberius himself said of him, "he has all the vices of Sylla, with none of his virtues." At length the long dreaded hour of death came to Tiberius. To the miserable monarch he came truly in the form of the king of terrors. The king was, at this time, at Misenum, near Naples. As he was reclining upon his couch, while death was rapidly stealing over him, his physician, feeling his pulse, whispered to some one standing by, "His life is ebbing fast; he can not long continue." The king overheard the remark, and was so frightened that he fell into a fainting fit, which led all to suppose that he was dead.

The courtiers immediately abandoned the remains of the king, and crowding around Caligula, congratulated him upon his succession to the crown. In the midst of their exultation, to the consternation of all, it was announced that Tiberius had revived. The wretched old man was utterly helpless. A few of the courtiers entered his chamber, and pressed a pillow upon the face of the struggling monarch, until suffocated, he lay still in death. Thus died the third of the Cæsars, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and the twenty-second of his reign.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 120.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

MR. BONNER—I take it that the LEDGER is in some sort a family school, and that through it matters of taste, of propriety, and of manners, are criticised, adjudged and taught. I beg to call attention to my woes, and to utter a wail. Being a lover of fine engravings, I have at great pains made a collection sufficient for my purpose. Benevolence forbids me to keep them all to myself. When friends come in I am bound to open my treasury to their inspection and admiration. But my experience has driven me almost to the necessity of locking up my portfolios and hiding them away.

As engravings are usually handled, a fine impression of an engraving is well nigh ruined after passing through a dozen hands. We never saw a person who, by nature, knew how to handle an engraving! Persons entirely well bred, familiar with books, accustomed to the fineries of a modern parlor, connoisseurs in jewelry, china and fabrics, prove themselves to be utterly ignorant of engravings.

In the first place they soil them. If any part pleases them they lay their finger on it. The perspiration and oily particles of the hand are transferred to the engraving. In a little time the brilliance of the impression is dulled.

Then two or three ladies will fall into conversation over an impression that cost from one to two hundred dollars, and forgetting everything else but their own sweet selves, they lean on the engraving, rub it with their sleeves, and even crumple it, and send my forehead into wrinkles and my heart into displeasure, so that both engraving and owner are much damaged.

These are faults only of some. The ignorance of lifting and handling an engraving may be pronounced universal. A large print will be taken up with one hand, as if it were a board instead of paper; and a break or crease is made wherever the hand takes hold. Even when the hands are applied, it is in such a way as seldom fails to leave some wrinkle or fold.

Then, in returning engravings to the portfolio, they are often laid in face to face, so that the ink of one blurs the face of the other.

All these and many other art awkwardnesses arise from ignorance and inconsideration. People are not instructed as they are about dresses, hair, ribbons and such like. There ought to be in our art academies a department for teaching *how to handle engravings*.

As it is, I dread to open my portfolios. I stand by in watchful misery expecting momentary disaster. I am fairly sick after the visit of a party. The poor things are heaped up on each other, sometimes folded double, often face to face; they have been so broken in the paper, or finger spotted, that one would almost believe the engravings themselves had fallen into dissipations and were recovering from a debauch!

Now and then, I find one of those highly organized people, who have native tact and art-instinct; who, without instruction, by a species of sympathy, take, hold, and return engravings with delicacy and address. I do look upon such persons with fond admiration! Were I a young man, looking for a life companion, I should inquire, Can she handle engravings? is she a good housekeeper? is she good? will she have me?

A PEEP AT WASHINGTON.

NUMBER TWO.

After walking through the Patent Office at Washington, one has several reflections. First: A feeling of thankfulness that our innocent ancestors died without knowing how uncomfortable they were—minus these modern improvements. Secondly: How many heads must have ached, hatching out the ideas there practically perfected. Thirdly: Did the *real* inventors themselves reap any reward therefrom, pecuniary or otherwise, or, having died "making an effort," did some charlatan, with more money than brains, filch their discovery, and, attaching his name to it, secure both fame and gold?

Leaving these vexed questions unsettled, the place is of rare interest even to the ordinary curiosity-hunter, destitute either of philosophical or mechanical proclivities. Looking at General Washington's relics, one cannot but be struck with the simple tastes of that time. The plates, knives and chairs, which formed part of his household furniture, would—apart from their associations—be sniffed at in any fashionable mansion of the present day. And as to his camp-chest and writing-desk, every mother's 1862-pet, whose budding moustache is half demolished by parting kisses, is provided with a better as he goes to "the war." And Washington's coat, waistcoat and breeches are of a fabric so coarse, that our present officials would decline wearing the like except under compulsion. The same may be said of the coat worn by the immortal General Jackson; at the mention of whose name I will forever remove my bonnet, for his unswerving loyalty toward, and manly defence of, his zealously slandered wife. Alas for some of the pluck and spirit that animated the some time wearers of those faded old military clothes. But it is too aggravating a theme; though I *did* linger over those military buttons, with divers little thoughts which I should like to have whispered into the President's ear, and which, if properly carried out, would no doubt save this nation!

As to the fifteen flashy silk robes presented by the Japanese government to ours, I had no desire to get into them. A strange soldier standing near while I was gazing, stepped up, and with camp frankness said to me: "Now I suppose, being a lady, you can form some idea of the value of those things." "Oh, yes," said I, "they are like the bonnets of to-day, expensive in proportion to their ugliness." Penetrated by the wisdom of my reply, he answered feelingly, "*Just so*,"—and touching his cap, passed on. Among General Washington's relics I saw a cane presented to him by Franklin, and a chandelier presented to Washington by some French magnate, so awkward, inferior and crude, compared with the splendid affairs of the present day, that one compassionately wishes, for the donor's sake, that his name were withheld. I saw also, under glass, the original treaties of several foreign nations, French and others, with our government. The autographic signatures of great potentates, yellow with time, was suggestive. The models of steam-engines, revolvers, torpedoes, mowing-machines and excavators, were "too many for me;" I might have looked wise over them, to be sure, like other folks, but had I stood staring till the millennium I couldn't have comprehended them, so where was the use of shamming? I just said, that's not in my line, and went to inspecting the different varieties of hoop-skirts; and though the masculine mind may not recognize the fact, the perfection to which those things have arrived by gradual stages is comforting to contemplate. I say "comforting" advisedly; because if one *must* drag round so many yards of dry goods, a cage is better adapted to hang them on than the human hips. It is my opinion that notwithstanding the torrent of abuse to which the hoop is and has been subjected, it will never be *dropped*—save at bed-time. FANNY FERN.

A CHORAL OF DEATH.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE

I hear the trumpets of the wind all night
Sounding in all their ancient might,
But naught of ancient joy is in their tone—
Sorrow herself alone
Shades every note and clouds the watchful stars.

I hear the organ of the sea all night,
Sounding in all its ancient might,
But heavily bows each strain with wo,
Till in its endless flow
Is felt alone a long, long sign of Death.

I see the huge volcano lift his torch all night,
With more than all its ancient might;
There is a fiercer, more exulting glare
Upon the frightened air,
And lava-billows chant a demon hymn.

Why move the mighty minstrels thus all night,
With grief's wild storm or troubled might?
Go to Ball's Bluff, to Antietam go,
And, ah, too well thou'lt know
The direful cause of all this horrent time,
Nature is shuddering o'er the sundering clime,
And with the winds and waves
Groans madly over fratricidal graves!

THE LIFE-CURSE.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE OUTLAW'S BRIDE," "THE WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.

A wild scene of tumult was passing in the Convention, which met at the Hotel de Ville. Tallien, Barrère and their friends were preparing for their final attack upon Robespierre, in which they charged him with the intention of making himself Dictator. De Vere mingled among the crowd that filled the ante-chamber, and after waiting a weary hour he saw the person for whose appearance he had been watching come from the interior hall. He raised his hand to attract his attention, made a sign which was rapidly returned, and the two issued from the door at the same moment and moved toward a retired street without apparently having any interest in eacy other.

When they were free from observation, the Frenchman crossed to the side on which De Vere slowly sauntered, and asked in an indifferent tone:

"In what can I serve you, citizen?"

"Read this, and see."

He did not venture to give him the note he had received, lest some one might be watching them. He dropped it on the pavement, and passed leisurely on. The man secured it, glanced rapidly over its contents, and quickly rejoined him.

"I was about to communicate this news to you myself, but some one has forestalled me. Citizeness Fitzhugh is in St. Lazare, and I have obtained a permit for you to visit her."

"Ha! how long have you known this?"

"Only three hours; but in that time I have earned the hundred pounds you promised me. I had some trouble to get the order from Collot, for he has much on his hands just now, but I succeeded at last."

"Thanks, my friend, and now let us use it as speedily as possible. Assist me to get safely away from this city with my family and this unhappy lady, and I will make the hundred pounds a thousand."

"Ah, citizen, I will use my best efforts to serve so liberal a person as you are. The executions still go on; innocent blood flows like water, but a better day is coming. If we can save citizeness Fitzhugh but forty-eight hours, a change will have taken place, and we shall all be saved, or be crushed in one general ruin."

"Forty-eight hours? Will the crisis come so soon?"

"I have said it; the battle has already commenced: it rages now in words; to-morrow it must end in blood."

"And what will be the issue?"

"Who can tell? The leaders on either side battle for their heads, for to fail is death by the knife. We may lose all: if so, both you and I are lost, for suspicion has already been directed against you, and you have been denounced as a foreign spy."

De Vere paused a moment; his strong heart grew cold within him as he abruptly asked:

"Whence comes this accusation? You know it to be false."

"Yes—and so does a greater than I, which is more to the purpose; but that will not avail you if Robespierre remains in power. Who made the denunciation I know not. I saw your name on the list of the suspected, and, citizen, to be suspected in this wretched country, is to die."

"Ah, you speak the truth; I must remove from my present lodgings and seek a better place of concealment."

"It will be useless, for you are under strict surveillance and every movement you make is watched. Doubtless our steps are followed at this moment."

"Then how can you with safety give me the order you say you have in your possession?"

"I hold it in the hollow of my hand; when we part we will shake hands, and you can secure it. Call a fiacre at the first stand, and try to elude your pursuer."

"Thanks, Morlaix; I will never forget your efforts to serve me."

"Ah, citizen, Madame Fitzhugh has been a good friend to me and mine in other days, and I do not forget such obligations. She has been guilty of no crime, although her name is on the condemned list. Adieu, sir, I must return to the Convention, for a terrible strife rages there, in which both your life and my own is bound up."

Morlaix offered his hand, and the transfer was dextrously made; he then hurried away, occasionally looking back to see if he was followed. He saw nothing suspicious, and passed out of the narrow street into a broader thoroughfare swarming with rough-looking men, mingled with soldiers armed to the teeth.

De Vere, watchful and cautious, slipped the paper he had received into his coat sleeve, and sauntered slowly forward as if he had no particular object in view, till he came to a carriage stand. Selecting one with a fresh-looking horse, he showed a piece of money to the driver, and said:

"Take me to St. Lazare as rapidly as possible, and I will pay you double fare."

The driver whipped up his horse and set off in a quick trot; they soon left the locality from which they had started far behind them, but he had not evaded the blood-hound who had been set upon his track. The same man who had been the bearer of the note to De Vere, thrust his head from behind a pillar that sheltered him, and with a cruel laugh, said:

"Safely hooked! Now I'll see after the *lady*. Lady, forsooth! we exterminate such useless lumber here, and let only *women* live: women who can fight for freedom, and drink the blood of the aristocrats. Ha! I only wish they all had one throat, and I could thrust my knife in that."

With this ferocious thought he turned toward the lodgings of De Vere to carry to Helen the order for her arrest and separation from her child, for such was the infamy he was commissioned to perpetrate.

In the meantime, De Vere was whirled away toward the prison into which he was so anxious to penetrate. The cab stopped beneath its gloomy walls; in front of the door stood the death-carts receiving their daily role of victims; among them were men, women, boys of tender years, and the anxious eyes of the visitor scanned each load with the fear that he might find among them the person he came to seek. He drew a deep breath as he became assured that Mrs. Fitzhugh was not in that fated crowd, and with a sickened and oppressed heart passed beneath the portals of the prison.

The keeper examined the order he presented, then gave the bearer a broad stare, and called an assistant, to whom he whispered a few words; he then said aloud:

"Conduct the citizen to the cell of citizeness Fitzhugh. He has a permit to see her."

The man signed to De Vere to follow him, and after leading him through several gloomy corridors, he opened the door of a small damp chamber furnished with a straw mattress and a deal table, on which was placed a pitcher of water and a plate containing some fragments of bread.

A gaunt and wasted form arose from the mattress as De Vere entered, and with a cry of surprise exclaimed:

"Oh, Reginald, I thought myself deserted by all; but you are here; you have come to save me."

"I trust so, dear madam. I have been long trying to discover your place of confinement; but until to-day I had little hope of succeeding."

"How long have you been in Paris?"

"Six weeks."

"And Helen?—Ida? Where have you left them?"

"They are with me."

"With you! Good Heavens! you surely have not ventured to bring them into this den of vampyres? I would sooner have perished alone than have exposed those I love to such danger."

"Have good courage, madam, for I trust we

THE ABBE AND SISTER THERESE INTERCEPTED ON THEIR WAY TO PARIS.

shall all escape. I have friends, and times are changing in this miserable country. The reign of blood must soon end, and we shall be permitted to return to England in safety."

"And the boy? No news yet of him?"

A deep gloom overspread the face of De Vere, as he said:

"I have given him up, for I have sought everywhere without success. And now tell me how you came to linger in Paris till you were arrested. Why did you not fly to England at the first alarm?"

"I should have done so; but my cousin, to whom I was tenderly attached, was ill of an incurable disease. She required constant care, and the ruin of her family deprived her of the means to procure a nurse. I had shared her prosperity, and in adversity I could not desert her. I remained with her till her death; then it was too late to escape; for she lingered on through all the horrors of the times till the execution of her eldest son gave her her final death-blow. In a few hours after her decease the whole family was arrested: her youngest son and a daughter have already perished, and I know not why I did not share their fate."

Mrs. Fitzhugh uttered these details with the air of a person who has suffered so much as to become stupefied, and De Vere gazed with the deepest compassion upon her whitened hair and pallid face. He made an effort to speak cheerfully:

"Have patience, dear madam, yet a little while, and I trust you will be free once more."

"But to-morrow the death-carts will demand their victims; my name may be called, and then it will be too late," she replied, in a hollow tone.

"I have reason to believe that you will be passed over. Keep up your courage, for I trust that I can yet save you."

"You have risked so much to do so, that you deserve success," said Mrs. Fitzhugh with a melancholy smile.

"The poor remnant of my life is not worth much; but I shrink from the thought of dying by violence."

The next half hour was passed in giving personal details that were of interest to those who had been so long separated, and with some surprise De Vere heard the grating of the key in the lock. He looked at his watch and said:

"I was granted an hour, but they seem to have abridged the time. I had much to say—many arrangements to make; but now I can only assure you that everything that lies in my power shall be done to ensure your escape."

He arose, turned toward the door, which slowly opened and revealed a spectacle which seemed to turn him into stone. Helen, insensible, with her long hair streaming over her person, was borne into the cell in the arms of a turnkey, who placed her upon the mattress before De Vere recovered voice enough to ask:

"What does this mean? and where is my daughter?"

"It means that you and this woman are on your way to Paradise by the road paved with saw-dust," brutally replied the same man who had delivered the note to him a few hours before. "As to the little one, she is but a baby, and she was spared."

"But what have you done with her? Bring my child hither, that she, at least, may receive our last blessings, if, as you assert, we have been ensnared to our own destruction."

"Well, my Prince, have you any more orders to give?" asked the man mockingly, "for you speak as if the world belongs to you. Your little girl is in very good hands, and will be well taken care of; that is enough to tell you, so I will leave you to console madame. Citizeness Fitzhugh, here is an order for your release, and you will come with me."

Mrs. Fitzhugh was bending over Helen trying to restore her to consciousness, and she scarcely heeded his words. When he repeated them in a peremptory tone, she hurriedly said:

"Let me stay here; I do not ask to go and leave those who have lost themselves to save me."

"But you have no choice; come at once, or it will be worse for you and those you leave behind you."

De Vere aroused himself from the paralysis that seemed to have fallen upon him, and taking her hand said:

"Go with him, dear madam. Find my daughter, and keep her with you till she can be restored to her native land. If we perish, on you must devolve the task of protecting Ida."

"And leave my poor Helen thus?"

"There is no alternative, madam. Heavy as this blow is, we must seek consolation where alone it may be found."

The man again warned her that it was time to leave, and kissing the cold cheeks and lips of Helen, she wrung the hand of De Vere and was hurried away.

Helen recovered from one nervous spasm only to fall into another, and the only words that escaped her lips were faint cries for her daughter. At twilight a man came in carrying a stone jug filled with water, from which he replenished the pitcher, and then placed a small loaf of bread upon the plate.

Again the harsh lock grated, and the unhappy prisoners were left alone; alone in their desolation and bereavement. De Vere endeavored to comprehend how he had fallen into this snare; but he found it impossible to understand why he should have been substituted for the person he had come to save.

There was now but one hope left him—that the government might fall in time to save himself and his wife from the fate that menaced them; but what in the meantime would become of their daughter? that timid and sensitive child, left in the midst of such terrors as would assail her in a strange place, separated from all she loved.

That terrible night was passed in darkness; he sat with the trembling form of his wife pressed to his breast, endeavoring to sustain her courage by whispering hopes he did not himself feel. At intervals he moistened her parched lips with water, but neither of them touched the bread. Food would have choked them in those hours of bitter anguish, and the sad wail of each heart was not for the death that hung suspended over them, but for the fate of that beloved and lost daughter whom they might never more behold.

Confused murmurs from without reached their ears, and they knew that all Paris was astir on that night, on the events of which hung so many lives; the dull echo of thousands of trampling feet—the wild cries of horror, or of exultation, came faintly through their prison walls; but they could draw no augury from them of what was happening, nor console themselves with the hope of ultimate escape from the snare into which they had evidently fallen.

CHAPTER XXX.

ALINA'S PLANS OF REVENGE RIPENING.

A chateau a few leagues from Paris was occupied by a foreigner and his wife, who had some mysterious connexion with those in power, for they passed to and from the city without question; a paper with a few lines upon it, traced by the hand of Robespierre himself, being their passport at the barriers, and Citizen Maretsky found no difficulty in entering or leaving Paris at all hours.

Alina, still beautiful, though an expression of chagrin and lassitude veiled her features, sat in a poorly furnished room awaiting the return of her husband. Her own toilette also betrayed the change in her circumstances which her surroundings indicated, for her dress was of cheap material and carelessly worn.

On her arrival in Russia, Alina's visions of a grand future had met with a signal downfall, and she found that she had been made the victim of a daring deception on the part of Maretsky. He was not the Baron, but the younger brother of that dignitary, and his anxiety to gain possession of the diamond necklace was partly to gratify a penchant of his eccentric brother for collecting the finest diamonds in the world; partly to gain the large sum which Alina secured by her complicity in that affair.

The money and jewels which had been given in exchange for his costly prize were advanced by the Baron, who had so great a desire to snatch these jewels from the Queen of France that he was willing to give even their full value to gain possession of them. As the reward of his brother's dexterity, he bestowed on him a valuable estate, at the same time expressing the hope that it would not be dissipated at the gaming table, as his other patrimony had been. The caution proved unavailing, for in five years from the consummation of the fraud, Maretsky was not only ruined himself, but he had mortgaged his wife's annuity and disposed of nearly all her available property.

The baron refused him any further assistance, and he returned to France with Alina, in the hope that she could realize something from the fragment left from her uncle's estate. La Rosière had passed into other hands, and Maretsky hired the chateau in which they now lived. He became a violent Republican, and found employment under the government as a spy.

Madame L'Estrange, in deep disgust at the deception practised by the *soi disant* baron, secured her own portion of the spoil, and retired to Vienna, where she lived in such state as drew around her a circle of friends and admirers. To her care Alina committed her son, who was placed at college in the city, and the faithful Betty left the service of her mistress to be near the darling of her heart.

The bitter disappointment and resentment of Alina at the deception practised against her, no words may depict; but Maretsky soon made her feel that she was in his power, and he threatened her with the heaviest penalties if she attempted to repudiate her allegiance to him. He loved her for her beauty and grace, and he valued the subtle tact of which she was mistress too much to be willing to give her up.

At times Alina bore the chain willingly, at others it goaded her almost to desperation; but this man had an iron hand, with which he did not hesitate to crush the first symptoms of rebellion, and in time she became his obedient slave.

Two days before the arrest of De Vere, she sat and watched impatiently for the return of Maretsky from Paris, *for she was anxiously expecting news from her son, from whom she had* not heard for many weeks. She at length heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs, and hastened to join him in the supper room. Maretsky seemed elated, but he did not communicate his news till the repast was over and the servant had retired.

"There are no letters," said Alina, "or you would have given them to me."

"No—but there is something better. Something that promises money—money, which we need above all things."

"What is it, then? for I am as much in need of money as you can be."

"Ah, well, I have a capital chance to make a good haul now."

"Explain, if you please; I do not understand enigmas."

He abruptly asked:

"Do you know anything of your aunt, Mrs. Fitzhugh?"

Alina shrugged her shoulders indifferently:

"I neither know nor care. She was only my uncle's wife, and we have long ceased to have any intercourse with each other."

"You will not be shocked, then, when I tell you that she has been arrested? that she has been in prison for the last two months?"

"What can she have done? and why did she not leave France before this danger reached her?"

"She has done nothing herself, but she was involved in the ruin of a family that was implicated in the faction of Camille Desmoulins. They have all perished by the guillotine, but Mrs. Fitzhugh is still in prison, and there is really nothing against her, I believe."

"Then you may be able to save her, perhaps. But how are we to gain anything by that? *She* has very little with which to repay the service."

"That is true; but that rich Englishman, who married your cousin, has actually come to Paris to find and, if possible, to rescue her from the fate that threatens her."

"Sir Reginald De Vere in Paris! and where, then, is Helen?"

"With him, of course; as is also their child. I learned this to-day from a creature of my own, and now, if we play our cards well, we can make him pay roundly for his imprudence."

Alina's eyes sparkled, and a cruel smile gleamed on her red lips, revealing the points of her even and white teeth. She rapidly said:

"They have thrown themselves into the toils, and now let them escape if they can. This is, indeed, glorious news, for it shall give the De Vere estate to my son."

"How can that be managed, pray? I do not understand."

"Yet nothing is more simple. You have access to Robespierre; ask for the release of my aunt, and as its price promise to place at his mercy an Englishman and his wife who came hither as spies. Once in prison, and their doom is certain: the girl I will take charge of; she is the heiress; I will send her to Madame L'Estrange to be educated; she will have opportunities of seeing my son, and they shall learn to love each other. When they are old enough they shall be married, and thus the succession to his father's estate will be secured to Lionel."

She spoke rapidly and decisively, and Maretsky listened with admiration.

"Ah, you are a treasure, I declare—a perfect treasure. Yes—you have developed a masterly policy; I will adopt it; I will save the life of your aunt by the sacrifice of these people. But we must lose no time, for clouds are gathering about Robespierre; the people are becoming weary of his ideal republic, which, it seems, is to be cemented and sustained by blood alone."

"Ah, if he should fall, what are we to do?"

"Do? Why, in the first place we will wring a few thousand pounds out of this Englishman for keeping off his trial a few days. Then, when he is finally dealt with, you can go over to England, claim the guardianship of the daughter as nearest of kin, and have a snug home at De Vere Castle, with a handsome allowance for taking charge of the heiress. Madame L'Estrange and Lionel can join you there, and your plans be more securely carried out than in Vienna. To *you*, with your abilities, all this will be easy of accomplishment."

Alina smiled, and held out her hand:

"Agreed. Rid me of Sir Reginald and my detested cousin, and I see my way clear before me. *We* do not condemn them to death, but the country whose laws they have violated. I cannot see my aunt perish without making an effort to save her, and that cannot be done without the immolation of these victims. Denounce them, and obtain her release as your reward."

"It is my purpose to do so to-morrow. De Vere has a friend who is attached to Collot D'Herbois. This Morlaix was once a porter in the establishment of Mrs. Fitzhugh's relatives, and it is chiefly through his efforts that she has not before been tried and condemned. When she was removed from La Force, he lost sight of her, and he has been using every effort to discover which prison she was removed to, urged on by a large bribe offered him by De Vere in case of success."

"How have you learned all this?"

"Oh, I have my agents, as Robespierre has his. I am in the secrets of the police, for I hold a confidential position among the accredited spies of the government. I have gained much useful information for those in power from abroad, as well as in France, and my full value is appreciated."

Thus was this nefarious plan arranged. Maretsky and his astute companion spent the greater portion of the night in arranging all its details, and providing against every contingency. Ida was to be brought at once to the chateau, and detained there till a safe opportunity offered to send her to Vienna, or to cross over to England, as they might deem most prudent.

Maretsky really possessed the power of which he had boasted, for he succeeded in obtaining the order for the release of Mrs. Fitzhugh, and the arrest of De Vere and his wife. He obtained information of the order for Sir Reginald's admission to the prison of St. Lazare, and caused a private notice to be sent to the keeper, commanding him to retain the bearer of it as a prisoner.

Maretsky then went in person to superintend the proceedings at De Vere's lodgings. Helen, almost in a paroxysm of frenzy, was torn from her daughter, and borne away in a state of insensibility, while the child was placed in a close carriage, which set out at once for the chateau.

A note was left for Mrs. Fitzhugh, which simply apprised her that a friend had obtained her freedom, and warned her that she had best remain in strict retirement until an opportunity to escape from the country, which should be provided, offered itself. The writer assured her that he should keep himself informed of her whereabouts, and communicate with her at the proper time.

The agent of Maretsky conveyed Mrs. Fitzhugh to a lodging in an obscure street, and left her there, too bewildered and ill to take any measures to assist those who had taken her place in the cell at St. Lazare.

Ida's cries and supplications were disregarded. Maretsky tried entreaties, then threats to silence them after they set out on their journey; *finding these unavailing, he had recourse to other means. He forced her to drink wine in which* he had mixed a powerful narcotic, and this soon stupefied her to such a degree that she was taken from the carriage in a helpless condition, and on being removed to bed, she soon fell into a deep sleep, which lasted many hours.

The grounds around the chateau were very extensive, and near a gate which opened toward a small village in its vicinity, was a pavilion containing two rooms, which had once served as a gardener's house. This was occupied by a solitary woman, who had lived in it a year before the chateau was taken by Maretsky. The recluse always wore a black serge robe, and a large bonnet, which concealed her features. She communicated with no one, and was known only as the benefactress of the poor people around. It was believed that she was under a vow of silence, for she seldom spoke unless compelled to do so, and Sister Therèse, as the country people called her, was supposed to be one of the nuns whom the events of the Revolution had deprived of an asylum.

On the second morning after Ida's abduction, she was sitting under the shadow of a tree reading, when she was surprised to hear voices speaking in English on the other side of a thick hedge, which concealed her from observation. A child was sobbing and entreating to be restored to her parents, to which her companion replied:

"Be good and obedient, Ida, and my husband will endeavor to rescue your father and mother. They have been imprudent, and are in prison, but they may soon be liberated, and then I will take you to them."

"Oh, let me go to them now. I can stay in prison too; I cannot—I cannot live away from them."

"But it is my will that you shall remain here. I am your cousin; the cousin of your mother, and it would be criminal in me to thrust you also into danger."

"Then they are in danger! oh, my heart will break."

The child wept violently, and the lady drew her away; the involuntary listener could hear no more, but her sympathies were deeply enlisted, and she resolved to find out the cause of the child's distress; to alleviate it as far as lay in her power, for she lived only to do good to others.

Late in the evening, the little girl, pallid and forlorn, wandered in the garden alone. She spoke French very imperfectly, and Alina had no suspicion that the sombre recluse of the pavilion had any knowledge of English. She was weary of the child's wretchedness, and glad to be released from her presence for a season; so she lay down to take her siesta, and Ida went out to indulge her grief alone.

As she threw herself upon the turf, wringing her hands and crying aloud in the impotence of her childish sorrow, a soft voice spoke to her in her own beloved tongue.

"What is it, my child? Sit up and tell me what has happened to distress you thus?"

The little girl looked up, reassured by the kind face that bent over her, and wiping away her tears, said:

"They have torn me from my parents, who are in prison—and—and I know, in spite of what cousin Alina says, that those cruel people will kill them."

Alina! the name struck upon the heart of Sister Therèse as a blow from a poignard, and she hurriedly asked:

"Who, then, is your father?"

"Sir Reginald De Vere."

"And your mother? Was she Helen Fitzhugh?"

"Yes, ma'am; for my grandma is named Fitzhugh!"

The questioner placed her hand upon her heart

to still its tumultuous throbbing, for she held the clue to the wickedness that had been perpetrated. By dint of persevering research, Don Gil met her poisoned keeper in the house of Dr. Antonio, on the theme of his disappearance from Baltimore, till he left Havana. The second time he met Dr. Manuel De Vera she could not be induced to, and she complained that he entered the house of Alma well enough to know that the leading principles of this child, she had come to another purpose to serve, and had also found in Alma's career step by step till her departure for Russia, and she was aware that he was the greatest desire of her heart to have her son succeed to the inheritance of his father. She equally had over all this in her mind, and then asked:

"Have you any brothers or sisters living, Don Gil?"

"No, ma'am, my brother is gone. My parents have only me."

"And you are the heiress: I comprehend all now, and I will battle this wickedness, or perish in the attempt. Listen to me, and follow my directions implicitly, and I promise to restore you to your parents, if it is possible to do so."

"Oh, madam, I will do anything—anything for that."

Don collected a moment.

"Let no one know that I have spoken with you. No one about the house, Don, knows English, and your cousin, above all, must not suspect it. Return to the chateau; seem a little reconciled to the separation from your parents, and to converse evening next me here. I will bring you news of those you love."

"Dear lady, how shall I thank you?"

"By being prudent and watchful. In that you may also be of service. I am satisfied that your parents have fallen into a snare carefully prepared for them. In what prison is your father confined?"

"In St. Lazare."

"That is enough. I will seek the city and him. To-day the prison gate, and blood will flow. Wipe away your tears, be brought, for I shall return with good news, I feel assured. Trust to me, and I will find means to deliver you."

The eager boy thanked her, and promised all she required; but Don sharply left her, for she saw in the future of a wish to be in the distance, and she hastened to gain her retreat before she was discovered.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A CALL FOR A DOCTOR.

Don had many friends among the prostrated clergy, and one of those she sought was the Abbé Dumond. The Abbé Dumond lived in the neighboring village, unable to perform the duties of his profession; and to him she confided the story she had just heard, begging him to her own conscience as to the motives of Monterey and his wife by what they had done.

The abbé listened with deep interest, and readily promised such assistance as he could render. He was in the habit of entering Paris as a matter of course, from the nature of his duty without suspicion. His housekeeper was a most accomplished nun, and the abbé himself was readily surrendered to Sister Therese. By the first glance at Sylvie, he guessed the barriers, and heard the ramblings of the people, who had arrived together and brought the intelligence that the chateau was in the disturbed artillery.

Before the abbé could make the preparations of the last forty-eight hours, all might be well.

The abbé left his vegetables in the care of his companion, and sought a friend from whom he hoped to be able to obtain the information he would be unable to find. That friend, by a lucky chance, was Nicholas, and the person he was named by Reginald De Vere, then he said:

"Ah, I had been to see him till the village was dealt with; but he is safe. He and his wife are liberated from prison, and are now left at the disappearance of their daughter. She has been spirited away, and they can find no trace of her."

"Where can I find Sir Reginald De Vere?"

"At his old lodgings—no de——, number fifteen."

Thank you; I will seek him, as I have some news for him that will be glad to hear."

"Indeed! about the child?"

"I believe so."

"Then go to Heaven's name, and console the heart of that distressed parent."

"I will do so, and you will do well to get passports from Colonel D'Herbois for this gentleman, with his wife, niece and servants. We will meet them by to-morrow morning, and he will doubtless pay you a heavy sum for the service."

"You are a wise man, Father, and I always do what you tell me; but I must also include Madame Flanigan, as she should accompany her niece with them to Reginald. I have discovered where she is hidden, and I know a safe way to her side."

As you please; only get the passports, and provide the means of reaching Calais without delay."

They separated to their different destinations. The abbé readily found the lodgings of De Vere, and brought to the wretched parents the first news they had learned of their child. He cautiously related all Don had told him, and informed De Vere that in the reward of the service she purposed to render him, she desired to be furnished in the party, as companion to a lady she was anxious to escape from France. She pledged herself to return to Paris on the following morning, bringing the little girl with her.

Sir Reginald wished to accompany the abbé to visit the child would not consent, as their plans were already arranged, and his presence might cause them to misgive. In a tumult of delight and anxiety, he prepared to await Nicholas, and make his preparations for immediate departure when once his daughter was restored to life. On this day passports were freely granted, and De Vere had only to wait for them, and then more breathed freely.

Don returned in high glee to her partition; there seemed to be a communion to the chateau which allowed her to go and return at her pleasure. Before any thing happened, she rejoiced that Christmas Monterey was closely guarded, and that means Marietta was closely watched by the authorities, as he had gone to Paris on the previous day, and had not yet returned. There had been no demand, and she fancied that she understood both her mistress and Monterey.

The fight in the room extinguished, and they knocked loud not long for admittance before it was granted. Sylvie appeared, the more friend-ended and smiling.

"Well, would you have, friends? Why do you alarm my house thus, at this late hour of the night?"

"Because it suits us to do so," was the insolent reply of one of the intruders. "We want next kicker to find a child that has been stolen from the chateau. If you know anything of her, you had better make a clean breast of it, or it will be the worse for you."

"Friend, the Terror has ceased to reign; God is no longer supplanted in the land, and his ministers are again entitled to the respect they once claimed from all men. I assume my civil character, and demand from you the child's name due to the Lord. Leave my domicile, and cease to insult me by your brutal expressions."

"Ha! but he takes a high tone," sneered one "But that is not answering our question."

"Your shall I continue to answer it. Search my house and see if you can find the person you seek."

The priest struck a light, and placed a lamp on the table. The men looked upon the bare walls, the unscrewed floor, and the few pieces of filled with plates of half charred wood, which looked as if they had been undisturbed for years.

"There is nothing suspicious here—but there is a door yonder."

"Yes—one that is occupied by my housekeeper, who is a woman, and a member of the sect," replied the abbé, coldly.

The men took the lamp and entered the old woman's chamber, who sat up in bed in a state of violent indignation at the intrusion; but they did not heed her exclamations; they looked under every part of the room, and satisfied themselves that no one was concealed within it. They then went to the other end of the building, and looked into the small closet which the priest had well called a cell. It had nothing in it but a mattress, a small table, and a cross, with a couple of hassock chairs. When they returned to the outer room, the abbé asked:

"Have you searched every house, when you have entered no other one in the village? and little suspect that you are violating the law?"

"We came hither, citizen, because it was said it is to be sent, a point whence the person ought not to possess it. The child is a relation of the abbé, and we have come to explain possession of her. If you will aid us, five francs will be added to your reward; but if you cause her through your assistance."

"You are mistaken, gentlemen. I never his residence for the hours of gain. I have borne with the insolence necessary to accomplish my plain errand, and as you have not found what you came for, you will please to retire, as I am not accustomed to such scenes as this, and am unfit for them."

"Well, I must say you are very civil, now you have entered no other one in the village? and little suspect that you are violating the law?"

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own themselves. Is this fidelity? or is it cheese? We have frequently asked ourselves the question. In looking over the accounts an inaccuracy suddenly struck him, and he rung for one of the clerks.

"Barton's invoices," he said.

"Directly, sir."

In a few minutes several papers were placed upon his desk.

Colliding them with the day book, his suspicions were confirmed, and he summoned the clerk a second time.

"Bring the order-book. Stay; who entered the payments on the 30th?"

"I think it was Mr. Glyde, sir."

A slight smile curled the hitherto firmly-closed lips of John Bentley.

"Send him to me," he said.

A tall and gentlemanly-looking young man made his appearance. There was nothing sinister in his countenance, the expression being rather frank and restless than otherwise, although dissipation had chiseled hard lines on his once regular features.

Whilst pretending to be engaged over the invoices, John Bentley continued to eye him narrowly; and read with intense satisfaction the trouble in his face, the scarcely suppressed agony and shame that dropped upon its ripe.

"Shut the door," he said.

Walter Glyde obeyed him submissively as a child.

"And draw the bolt."

The bolt was drawn.

"What is the amount of your defalcation?"

"Sir!"

"Do you not understand me, Mr. Glyde? I repeat my question plain English. I wish you the amount of your defalcation? how much you have robbed the firm of? Will you be pleased to answer me, or must I call in an accountant to ascertain the fact? I cannot suppose that Barton's invoices is the only one you have falsified."

The guilty clerk hid his face in his hands.

"If you pay me three minutes' answer me," added the speaker, in the same dry, measured tone.

John Bentley drew out his watch, and placed it upon the desk before him.

"Raised I believed?" muttered the young man.

"You have one minute more."

"Disposed of?"

"Dishonesty is certain to be detected, not diagnose, in one form or other, invariably follows it," observed the clever scheme, whose success, if not legally, were, morally, worthy of the standard of morality and honor, quite as dishonest in case of failure, which also stood trembling and overwhelmed with shame before him.

The three minutes have elapsed," he added.

"Two hundred pounds," gasped Walter Glyde at last.

"Is that the entire amount?"

"The entire amount, sir."

"Too full number for the best policy with me," continued John Bentley. "Consider well. There must be no after recollections. No, I had forgotten this;" I omitted to mention that" or any of those miserable shifts by which sensless souls to extenuate crime. Your statement must be full and clear. I shall question you again, Do two hundred pounds include every shilling you have stolen?"

"You" answered the guilty man.

"And taken during what space of time?"

"The last six months, sir."

"Look over these vouchers, and mark the amount abstracted upon each. Take your time. Your book, I presume, did not include all that you falsified them. The writing appears firm enough."

Walter Glyde hesitated.

"Do you prefer my sending for an officer?"

There was something in John Bentley's tone, a spirit in his manner of repressed contempt, to hold out hope; and the wretched culprit at once obeyed. His chance of escape was already so slender, that he felt his position could not be much worse through the confession.

"Time, sir," he said, passing the invoices to him, "my life is to your hands. If you care for pity's sake, show mercy. I have been already punished for my crime by sights of anguish agony, burning remorse and shame. My first fault led to the second. I would have died to set the means of drowning my failings. If you only knew how I have been haunted."

"I can form a faint idea," said the culprit, "if my face wears the same hideous look upon it that it presented to the unfortunate—the step of a pronounced to the unwilling—the step of a friend upon the shore of a drowning, a hand held faithfully upon my shoulder in the hour of but for that I should have gone down. The lamentable struggle alone sustained me—love for a fellow-creature, followed by the sickening, chilly depression. Save me!" he repeated. "I will live, even a man, bound and beaten, till I have replaced the money I have robbed my employer of."

The sharp tone of mental agony stood upon the brow of the creditor to be made his unprejudiced appeal to the generosity of the man whose heart was closed against all such weakness. If John Bentley consented to spare him, it would arise from pity, not self-interest.

"I have not the power, even if I had the will, to prevent the discovery of your defalcation," observed the latter, coldly. "The invoices will transmit to the books."

The wretched man let fall his head compulsively upon it.

"Barton, Massey and Long would prove the payments at their counting by checque."

Walter Glyde groaned audibly.

"You have credited them, I see."

"Raised I feel!"

"All the more devoted friend, were he in my place, could do," continued the hypocrite, "would be to give you time to escape."

"I pray you!"

"A friend, if you had one, might supply you with the necessary funds."

"I have no friends. I have lost them all," said the dejected clerk, in the bitter accents of self-reproach.

"On one condition," continued the man who had so unexpectedly become the arbiter of his destiny, "I will prove that friend."

"You, sir!"

"I employ you with the means of retrieving character. Two hundred pounds would enable you not only to replace the money, but support yourself till you obtained employment. I perceive," he added, referring to a memorandum he had kept on the desk before him, "that the Falcon sails for Sydney in three days."

"Do I rightly understand you?" demanded Walter Glyde. "You are cold, reserved man, but you would not trifle with the misery of a wretch in my position?"

"I rarely trifle with any one," was the reply. "And you will do this? I call out a ghost? I care a drowning fellow-creature? God bless you, sir! My future life shall, if possible, atone for the past; I shall, indeed. Your own heart, which I have misjudged, must recompense you. I never can."

"You forget the condition," observed John Bentley.

"You are the master to impose it."

The hypocrite felt that he was so, and once more the pen before him appeared straight and clear.

"The day before you sail you must marry Bessie Hanson," he added, lowering his voice almost to a whisper.

Secrecy as the interloper between John Bentley and his victim had been merited on their accidental and not entirely escaped the jealous notice of the clerk, who, to do him justice, loved her as only woman should be loved—in sincerity and truth; the wife, the helpmeet, the holy bride, and still more with all in his frail work. He perceived, at once, the drift of the last clause in the love of John Bentley's offer, and tears of bitter, hopeless regret started to his eyes, that he should not find it back in his teeth with the scorn and contempt it merited.

"I perceive, sir, my honor is the price of your benevolence."

"Your what?"

"My honor."

"Pooh, man! You forget it is no longer of any particular value. The Hungarian colors it, for you have committed forgery, as well as breach of trust, Bessie? I wish to offer your child as a sacrifice. Would you rather have your name written in the parish register as the husband of Bessie Hanson—the girl you once pretended to love—or inscribed in the 'Newgate Calendar?'"

"My name in the prison lists," said Walter Glyde, gloomily. "Dispose of me as you please."

"You consent, then ?"

"Yes."

"Remember, there must be no retracting," observed John Bentley, sternly. "I am not the man to add insult to injury, Mr. Glyde."

"Enough, sir. *I have you now*; for a long time I misunderstood your character."

It is not agreeable, either to an author or his readers, to create miserable men and women, and it is food for human nature to draw a veil. Circumstances have made us the friend of the friendless and betrayer. Walter Glyde, in whose heart the finger of honor had touched, though not yet extinct, found himself reduced by his vices to become the instrument in how—and she was in heart and principle, was not a will more honest than himself.

As for Bessie, his bold lover saw was in the shadow of a sorrow in her heart. It was through the affections that women fell; once set down their feet—they follow.

"That John is crafty as he, girl," said the visitor Hanson, to his daughter, on departing. "There he cannot wrong, and it can't be shame. That I never go to sea, I am thankful, for there be Walter Willis's also."

"My mother," faltered Bessie.

"It would break his heart, and mine, too!"

"Before you, father?"

"There be, though!" exclaimed Sam, who overheard the last words as the speaker re-entered the kitchen. "Why else should the lass half the size outside your mother, Bessie, I'm a puss? I learned 'em, and only wish I could get a right on 'em. It beant for Willis, neither, we," he added. "For there'd been their tackles like hours and more had to pay for the lass."

"All comes o' book larnin'," observed the wife; "I wish I'd never taught you to read. It makes sin to their letters. But I won't do."

"Why should you, mother?" said Sam.

"Because I'm a goodness sake, you mother, mother, dear 'n'?" said Sam.

"To wile, thee?"

"To that fine speak, Walter Glyde," answered the master. "I don't like the chap. He's too polite—down the lane, and evenin' along the hedge. His father had like speech."

Bessie looked surprised, not at hearing of the visit, but her engagement to her—she was unusually well acquainted with, but at his perseverance in wheeling her.

"I'll break the neck on him if I catch him," exclaimed Sam.

"And saves him right, too, lad," said his father, "but I'm sorry for the chap, too. He's to be for sorrow and shame to come upon us, and Willis, anyway."

"It shan't come if I can help it," muttered her son, doggedly. "I'll see that he don't. I don't know how to find to it. But I'll set Mr. Bentley then, and he'll make sure of him. He be a gentleman."

"So he be, sad; so be he."

"And Willis said me, if aught happened, I were to talk with him. He be a gentleman, he be left us for three parts. 'Sam,' he said, 'then you take care of the mother,' and I will, and I do mind it, and——"

Sam suddenly interrupted Bessie, throwing her arms round the neck of the speaker. "How we have I dreamt your subject double all two pictures of?"

"Be they copies?"

"They are, indeed."

"What was that a frontin' for, then?" demanded the mother.

"May not the best be covered without sin or cheese? Replied the latter, evasively.

"Well, gal, I can't guessy that; can thee, mother?" continued the father, looking from Bessie's pencil at these; not about love, mind, marriage, nor nothing at all. Sam's right, I wondered, gal," he added, looking Bessie affectionately in the face, "what you were in the twilight of my mind."

"Perhaps I shall be some day," answered his sister, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"Not if I can help it," said the mother.

"Then might a-been a wife two year ago, to my sailor brother's friend, Mr. Willis, who would've wanted to make thereof loike White."

"Which I'm sorry to say, was an offence for any one of her other children to aspire to loike or equal their mother," said Sam.

"So mean have her own way," observed Sam, "that I'm sorry she have it, for I'm sure she don't think Bessie would hang her own brother."

"Hang!" exclaimed Mrs. Hanson, "I should be good to be what put that thought into thee, Sam."

"His talk about Bessie, mother."

"About!"

"Aye, lass; for if any one wronged or brought shame upon Bessie he hanged for it, and I'll see as sure as my name is Sam Hanson."

A gang fell to the heart of the sister as she heard these terrible words, which the speaker uttered as if it were quite a matter of course that he should take the life of the man who disgraced her.

The conversation left her in a fit state of mind to listen to the arguments and entreaties of her mother, who, in her turn, was urged assiduously by John Bentley, who scarcely found it necessary to say to what end, but to attend to applications in order to prevent it.

A great deal was said in those three days.

"You will consent?" he urged. "Remember that the purpose—the aim of my whole life—depends upon your consent, Bessie."

But she remained silent.

"What do you object to?" he continued. "It is but the change of name. As I told you, Walter Glyde departs in three days for America."

"Yes, I understand that."

"You will be only to share his wife."

"And can you not guess why I hesitate?"

"No."

"Because it will separate us for ever," replied the poor girl, bursting into tears. "You could not do so justice, even if you would."

"I have already told you," observed John Bentley, "that it is impossible I should ever be your husband. We are too poor to marry."

"I am the sister of your friend."

"Simply as I would wish it. Bessie, I cannot sacrifice myself—will not. Besides, although my heart is yours, my hand is not, you are aware, is already engaged to another."

"Sam?" Bessie said at last.

"The world calls it prudence, Bessie. It is not my fault if I have made love to no lover. I have done my best to estrange the error into my mind, and have failed miserably. The influence of John Bentley's office, and tears of bitter, hopeless regret started to his eyes, that he should not find it back in his teeth with the scorn and contempt it merited.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

MAIL-TIME IN CAMP.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Through the camp about the reiy of the late abiding sun,
Who flags, are in twice a minute,
Bright, loyal police here, and sombers between,
On the line of the company street;
And the question is sought by the "boys" as they glance
From the tent-doors, where waiting they lie,
Has the mail come in yet? Has the mail come in yet?
Shall it scotched, and echo and die?

There are scenes, sudden jokes, and fragments of song,
There are smiles rais and rough enough, too;
There are sighs hushed into tears, and tears hushed into sighs,
Below.

There's been under overcasts like,
In pure, deep hush and face sunburn,
Where eyes mark the earnest grow pale,
As watching they wait for the sergeant's return,
And the bugle-call, "Form for the mail."

* * * * * * *

The golden light lies on the camp-ground no more,
The tir fog by above gathers and lies,
And wears a sabbie to the vanishing blue.
Minor cloud-banner floats on the hill,
And the wailing is over, the mingled here come,
And the mail has been brought in.

Are listening now to receive, each hand,
Up and down through the company street.

Ah, no Merry Bills, with a note de-vine—
He's baby's for, record, brite her—
And the young father blushes, and hastes it about
That the boy has a tooth, and is just two years old,
And Vaccinated Van turns sadly away,
Hath a note (free toward him) all lonely
To-night for many ever since, dated and ago,
Those fans sending, "Minnie—yours only."

Poor Bobby the drummer—no letter for him?
Then why does he drum-major so proudly, marching,
In fifth-and beautiful, about the camp?
And the fan with its bright bow is flashing
"No letter for me, sir! His mother knows
Or is she in sickness or sorrow?"
Then over the eyes quick the hand goes across
"Never mind—I can wait till to-morrow."

"Adolph Lanbay Jan." ("Dandy Jack") "what of it?
Hain a hard, large and white, for a letter;
And he thinks his countenance is a confident way,
As to sentences, "The blinds are closed
What for?—less that first dared to send me a "May,"
who here—was beaten by all!
And see how she says, in a simpering way,
I here send you, Sir, three—is a cause."

I see it all now—the last Captain Perkins—
(I wish Captain Perkins would come!)
For shame, Langley Dale—what a booby you are—
Were her shades on your heart—or visits closed
Not—are by the brains—I'll tell no more;
Don't Dale Sally's sentiments
But fun in the fight and hot on the field,
Yet endure the hot time once more.

And Allen the bridegroom—hist, boys, and give way,
Where was black as the letter he read,
And white grows his brow—she has left him alone,
Has left him for one more wealthy.
They bade the gay laugh, they cheered him,
And spoke low, as the mistake man meaning
Were wandering by his side—
Where—across wads—who is greeting.

Then close they clasp the white letters from home,
And they turn to the tasks of the day,
And they're in any stern duty—the mail has come,
Their voices is none of the clearest.
They cannot but cheer, and they do, that they love,
That the Lincoln's night have confessed,
A life that this weary mail-time has made.
When the years has a hotel never had mentioned,
And as calling her as their sweetheart of old,
The twilight comes softened—a prayer
Is breathed for the dear ones at home,
The soldiers do dreaming and sleeping
And they number no sets for awhile after this,
For the words of the poem—for love letters from life—
Live over their hearts like the wing of a dove
Hartley blessings have known above them.

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 4.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

THE ORVE.

The rain continued to fall for eight-and-forty hours, and during that time the people of Thabon did all manner of housework in the rain-doctor. It was plain to be seen that his influence over the minds of the ignorant children of nature was not to be easily overcome. The Christian missionary who seeks to lift these natives away from the superstitions in which they dwell, must be meek and patient, persistent and bold, and able to endure much suffering for Christ's sake. The work is not to be done easily, nothing worth enjoying cannot accomplish it. They must be first educated into an knowledge of Nature, and her laws; and then they may be made to comprehend something of Revelation. I often wonde learned that the rain-doctor had been resting in a cave, not many miles from Thabon, for over a week; so it was very easy for me to understand how he happened to have such command of the wilings as he did. These wizards are powerful—if could have the good portor of prosperities, and as they spread most of their time in studying the signs of the weather, they are able to entertain the suspicion that they have foreknowledge of coming events.

The third morning after our arrival in Thabon opened bright and pleasant, and our revived crew were once more ready for work. The old chief gave us all the information we desired, and also furnished us with a fresh guide to the cave, in exchange for which I gave him a small breechmounted pistol. It was very cheap for the cost —amounting to about three cents per bullet—but he considered himself well paid, and I had no reason to find fault.

On the afternoon of the second day from Thabon we fell in with a herd of springbuks, feeding upon the edge of a broad plain. I had no desire to try a chase with these swift creatures, and yet I was very desirous of shooting one of them. Of all the antelope tribe I think the springbuk is the swiftest in appearance and in its size. As they are so they bounded away across the plain, leaping high into the air at every stride, as though they were so many machines of steel wire propelled by some unseen power. Ben Gilroy and I hid ourselves behind some bushes, while the rest of the party went forward with the wagons. At the end of an hour the springbuks had worked around so near us that we could see their wonderful leaping, and the result was, that we brought down two of them.

We found the mouth of a very large cavern, and when we came to cook it, though not very tender. The next day, however, under Harry's supervision, we had a "stew" of springbuk which was superb. Even old Ben pronounced it excellent.

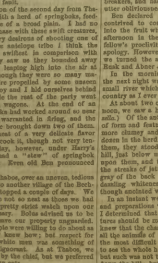
Two days from Thabon, over an intricate, indistinct road, brought us to another village of the Bechuanas, where we stopped for another day. Here we found these people not so neat as those we had before met, and a pretty sight awaited upon our wagons was necessary. Sales advised us to be careful, and not leave our property unguarded. He said these people were willing to do about as much as they knew how; but, except for the property of which men was something of which they were ignorant. As at Thabon, we were offered beds by the chief, but we preferred to sleep in our own cots.

Our wagons were drawn up close by the village, and the animals secured so that they could feed. Before retiring I made arrangements for keeping a watch through the night. From two o'clock until midnight I stood guard myself, with Ben to keep me company. At that hour I called Ben and Bobus, the old guide having proposed that he should take his turn with the rest. Alone I would not have trusted the fellow; but while Ben was up to take him, I supposed he would be right.

It was a warm, sultry night, and I had arranged my bed close by the after-flap of the wagon, where I could have the benefit of what little air there might be stirring. I had been asleep an hour, perhaps, when I was awakened by a cry, and upon turning over, I found my Caffre-boy by my side. He was the only native Caffre who was in the party. I had learned the character of the fellow so well that I knew that the most implicit confidence in him; and when he asked me to follow him, I did so without any questions. As soon as I had slipped from my cot, Dan raised the flap at the rear end of the wagon and pointed to a tree a few yards distant. There was no moon, but the stars were so bright that I could see large objects quite plainly. There, at the foot of the tree, I could see what appeared to be a man—not standing up, like a sentinel, but lying down like a creeper. I asked Dan who it was. He said he guessed it was old Ben Gilroy.

"But that isn't all," added Dan. "I thought I saw something crawling from the village."

As he spoke I saw a dark form glide out from behind some bushes, upon its hands and knees.



It crept toward the other wagon, and presently; a second form followed.

"They are Caffres," said my boy.

I asked him how he knew.

He said he could see the way in which their hair was done up. They were women, for they had come on their hands.

As my eyes became more used to the gloom I could detect the last-comer, and I could also see the outlines of their bosoms. They were women, I were standing in the shadow of the wagon, and I had anything worth carrying off in a few moments that they would not find it. I was considering a whispered assistance, one of them crept up to the side of old Ben. There could be no doubt touching the present condition of the fat sentinel, for as he lay there he was unconscious; for he was snoring like a cataracone. The creeping thief found his chief upon the ground by his side, and having slowly lifted it, she carried it away to the place where she had entered. Her next movement was to fumble in Ben's breast-pocket; and I had not been waited to see what she found, when he bed I not been a little anxious touching the property of my companions who had gone to bed from my sight toward the second wagon. So, telling Dan first and I would go to the rear. The thief who was kneeling by the side of old Ben I caught; but the other one was off like a cat. The noise awakened the sleeper, and he sprang up in the midst of it.

"Murder! Fire! Thieves!" he shouted, at the top of his voice.

"Hold on," I said. "Don't make any more noise."

"Eh? Is that you, Colonel?"

"Yes. Have you lost anything?"

He started up and looked about him; and, as I thought, the chief had looked upon the fellow, for he said he had not. Then he found it. Then I told him what I had seen, and he was down on me.

"Confound the she-knot-head!" cried old Ben. "I'll—I'll—I'll—"

But I fancied that the sentinel who slept upon the ground was more to blame than the one of Bechuana woman; and after frightening her sufficiently by the shot over her head, I left her now; and when she was gone, Ben straightened himself up with a sheepish look, and confessed to me that "other knot-head" was.

I asked him what he meant.

"I was asleep," he replied. "The rascal must be asleep."

We did not know, however, a little worse off than that; for we found him drunk. He had evidently had a few drinks given him by one of the brokers, and had drank himself into a state of utter drunkenness.

Ben declared that these women must have been sent there by Mame them who were the